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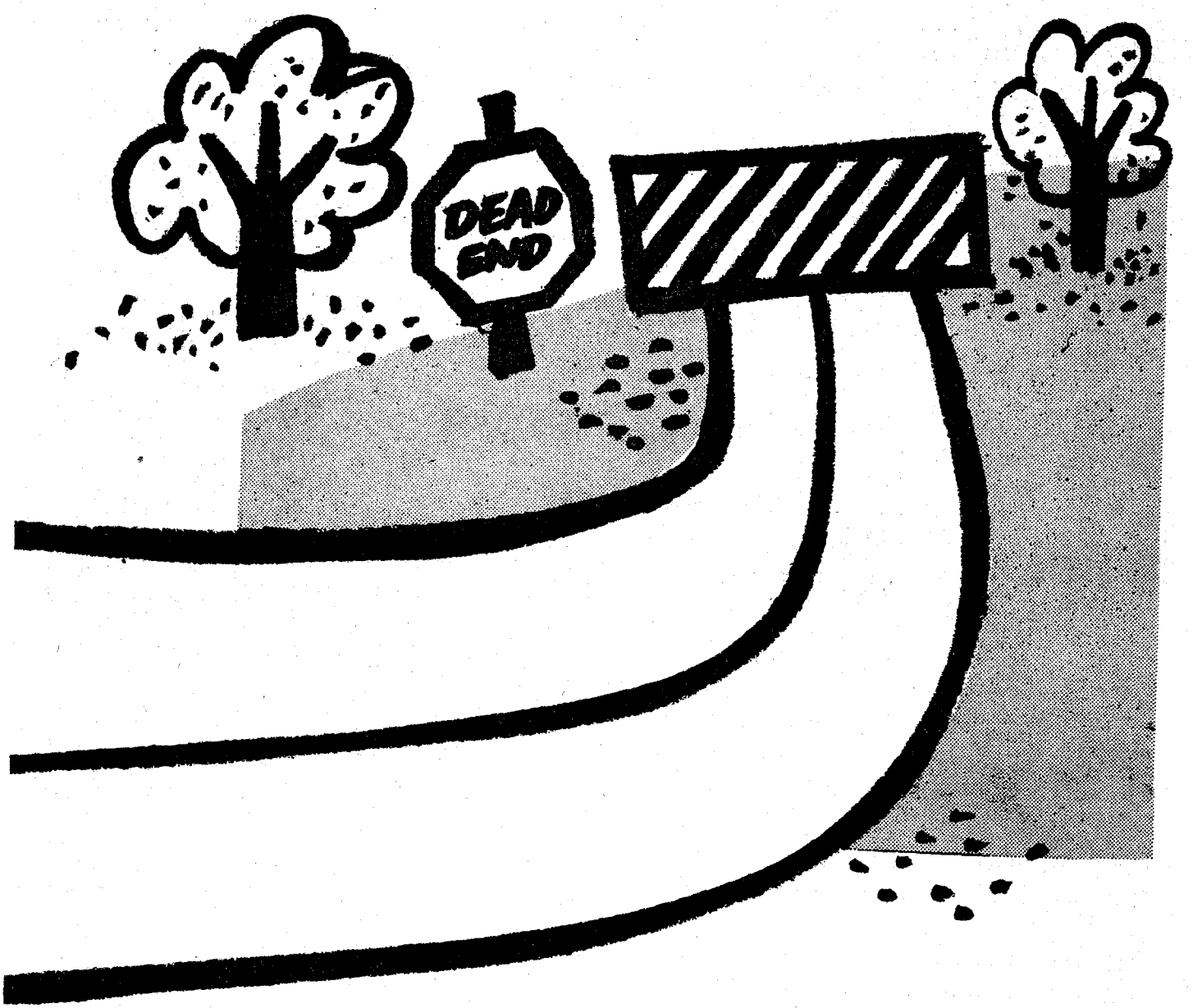

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

by Walter Millis

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COMING DEC. 28

Fred J. Cook, whose story of the Hiss case in *The Nation* of Sept. 21 aroused nation-wide attention, now does a similar report on the case of William Remington. It will, we predict, arouse the same intense interest.

Watch for the Dec. 28 issue.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1957
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Road To Peace

Throughout a long and distinguished editorial career—Baltimore *News*, New York *Sun* and *Globe*, and New York *Herald Tribune* (1924-1954)—Walter Millis has been preoccupied with wars, warriors and the waging of war. His books, for example, include *The Martial Spirit* (1931), *The Road to War* (1935), *Why Europe Fights* (1940), *The Last Phase* (1946), *This Is Pearl!* (1947), and, as editor, *The Forrestal Diaries* (1951). In this issue (p. 447) the author of *The Road to War* explores, with clarity and candor, The Road to Nowhere—that is, the bankruptcy of American policy. Coming in the wake of C. Wright Mills's Program for Peace (*The Nation*, December 7), Mr. Millis carries forward an examination into the roots and record of American policy in the cold-war years which *The Nation* will continue to pursue in subsequent issues.

During these years, the advocacy of peace, of co-existence, of opposition to war, has not been a notably popular position. But beneath today's bluster and braggadocio, a strong current of peace sentiment has begun to flow. The remarkable reception given Lester Pearson's address at the University of Minnesota, to General Omar N. Bradley's address at St. Alban's School, to Cyrus S. Eaton's pronouncements on peace (see: *The Nation*, November 30, p. 399), as well as the sizable audiences that have been turning out in California to hear Dr. Linus Pauling urge a suspension of nuclear-bomb tests, indicate that more and more Americans are beginning to turn a receptive ear to the messages and promptings of those who speak for peace.

Recently Mr. Eaton had some plain, harsh words on American policy-makers for a Toronto audience. "There is more spirit of war in the United States," he said, "than in any other country in the world—and it's dangerous. Our Mr. Dulles is talking just as the Kaiser did in 1914, and when one gets swollen with pride one becomes arrogant and truculent and someone will take up the challenge." It is time, he said, that we began to think more about peaceful co-existence and less about war. Of the hundreds of letters which Mr. Eaton received, the ratio of favorable to unfavorable responses was 20 to 1. American politicians will, of course, be the very last to learn that a renewal of cold war policies is no longer the "soft" sell in politics; but in time even the politicians will tumble to the fact that the road to war is no longer crowded or popular.

No Qualms Whatever

From numerous columns, news stories and editorials, all appearing as though by concert, one learns that Vice President Richard Nixon is not anxious to assume the Presidency at this time; in fact he has told his "spokesmen" to tell his "friends" to soft-pedal the suggestion. The reason offered in support of this improbable theme is, of course, that the Twenty-second Amendment might limit him to one elected term if he takes office now. It is hard to reconcile these inspired reports with the extraordinary build-up for the Vice President which has taken place in the last two weeks. While Mr. Nixon may not have encouraged the campaign, two articles by Earl Mazo in the New York *Herald Tribune*, which quote him at some length, make it clear that he is perfectly willing to assume the Presidency at any time. He assures us that he works hard; that he writes his own speeches; that he has learned from a study of the careers of Caesar, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, Gladstone and Disraeli not to make important decisions when he is angry or fatigued. In deference to "the new Nixon" ballyhoo, he concedes that he has changed and for the better ("My work on the Un-American Activities Committee is hardly all I've done in Washington"); he admits that, at times, he has been "a very controversial political figure," but says that he has since matured and mellowed; he outlines some of his "operational ideas" about the Presidency; he suggests how he would function as titular head of the Republican Party; he dubs in a few comments on major policies. He has even managed, he assures us, to overcome "a depressing feeling of uncertainty" that he had two years ago that he was not, perhaps, the person to succeed the President. Concludes Mr. Mazo: "Mr. Nixon has no qualms whatever—on any score." We don't doubt it.

DEC 13 '57

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The Case Against Mr. Dulles

In recent weeks the case for the retirement of Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State has been perfected. In essence it is that Mr. Dulles does not believe in diplomacy. The evidence is clear. On December 3, Mr. Dulles told the British people, in a recorded interview for the BBC, that he saw little purpose in having conferences with the Russians. "You can't rely upon agreements unless you can enforce them," he remarked. This may be true of the kind of agreements that Mr. Dulles used to negotiate for the corporate clients of Sullivan and Cromwell, but the usual agreement between nations is enforced by mutual consent because it is in the interests of both parties to abide by it. No one knows this better than Mr. Dulles. He simply does not want to negotiate a settlement—any settlement, ever—with the USSR. That this is his real attitude is now so well established as to invite public comment from other foreign secretaries. "I must say," Sidney E. Smith, Canada's new Secretary of State for External Affairs, observed on December 3, "that I am greatly disturbed when we read of a proposal for a high-level conference and the next morning we read press reports from Washington quoting these spokesmen [official sources] to the effect that it is to be turned down." Mr. Dulles will not negotiate with the Russians because it is his policy not to negotiate with them. For much the same reason he cannot so much as consider Mr. George Kennan's recent proposal for the neutralization of Germany. For the Dulles policy in Europe is based on the assumption that West Germany must remain part of the NATO alliance. "Thus," as Neal Stanford writes in the *Christian Science Monitor,* "the Secretary unhappily is caught with a policy that leads nowhere but cannot be dropped without violent and possibly disastrous repercussions." As a minimum requirement the American people are entitled to expect that the office of Secretary of State shall be held by a man who believes in diplomacy. The office should no more be held by a man who, on principle, will not practice diplomacy than the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service should be headed by a man who does not believe in mediation or conciliation. Mr. Dulles should concede that his position is untenable and—resign. But he won't.

From Secrecy to Full Disclosure

Washington is now in a mood to let the Russians in on some of our best kept military secrets. The Air Force, for example, has been briefing the press on the extent to which the Strategic Air Command has major Soviet targets "zeroed in from every direction." The SAC insists that it knows exactly—"or almost exactly"—what every potential target in the Soviet Union would look like. Crew members have been encouraged to talk freely about radar studies of possible targets. The technique of "target prediction plates" has been explained in detail. The SAC has disclosed that it does most of its bombing by offset, that is, by aiming at a point a known distance from the target. And it has revealed that all of its bombing nowadays is done by radar; so-called "visual bombing" is a thing of the past.

Why this sudden flow of vital information? Because the Air Force wants to be *sure* that the Russians, now that they have the ICBM, *know* that we have their targets zeroed in for obliteration. It is not enough, for this purpose, that announcement be made of the fact; this might sound like idle cold-war boasting. Enough technical information must be revealed so that General Thomas D. White, Air Force Chief of Staff, and his colleagues can be quite certain that the Russians know what we know about their targets. This suggests that we may be rapidly approaching a point in "the showcase war" *(The Nation,* November 16) at which it will be deemed advisable to invite Soviet staff officers to visit this country, inspect our most horrid weapons, witness demonstrations of these weapons' effectiveness and destructive power, and convince themselves of our ability to deliver nuclear bombs to selected targets. This would seem to mean—although the message is difficult to assimilate after a decade of cold-war secrecy—that secrecy is now more dangerous than full disclosure—indeed, that disclosure is vital to national defense.

Rivera and the Bricklayers

It is doubtful whether Diego Rivera ever worked harder at painting his murals than some of his clients did to hide them. In Rockefeller Center, a work which he had started but was not permitted to finish was covered with wallpaper; another—all 1,679 feet of it—was lugged out of the 1940 San Francisco World Fair grounds into a shed on a city college campus, where it has been gathering dust for fifteen years; a third, painted for the main gallery of the California School of Fine Arts, has been hidden for more than ten years by a false wall and ceiling. Now that Rivera is dead, however, the paperhangers and bricklayers are having second thoughts about the contagion of his Marxism. San Francisco's Board of Education, which owns the mural in the shed, is considering that it might, perhaps, be safe now to put the work back on public view. And the brick and plaster which now hide the mural in the California School of Fine Arts are to be torn down.

Odd that the creations of this great Mexican artist should have given so many San Franciscans such conniption fits. After all, another Rivera mural has been hanging for years in the San Francisco Stock Exchange, with no complaint from the capitalists whose sensibilities the city's politicos and schoolmasters have been so anxious to protect.

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THE ROAD TO NOWHERE . . *by Walter Millis*

The special significance of the following article is pointed up in an editorial appearing on page 445.

INHERENT IN nearly all the controversies which have raged through the past dozen years over national security policies (both external and internal) has lain the problem of what Carl J. Friedrich has called "constitutional reason of state." Put in its barest form, it is the problem of how far constitutionally limited government may go in violating its constitution in order to preserve it.

The problem arises again today, when the nation appears to stand at a new and genuine crisis in its security policy. It is a crisis precipitated by the Russian launching of the first man-made satellite; but it has in fact arisen not from without but from within. Its source does not lie in any direct or immediate military threat presented by the Soviet success in rocketry and weapons development; for on a strictly military calculation, the post-Sputnik situation seems not markedly different from what it was before. Rather, it proceeds from the discovery that so many of our assumptions have been erroneous, that our concepts of the international problem have been faulty and that our reasons of state have not been conducing, in the degree we had supposed, to the end of the common defense and the national security. We have been pursuing the great end of "national security" irrationally.

FOR THE past dozen years, virtually the whole of our external and much of our domestic policy has been absorbed in waging a war with the Soviet Union. It has of course (except for Korea) been a cold or non-shooting war; but our alliance policy, disarmament policy, foreign-aid policies, military and budget policies have been subsumed in this war; and it has supplied the imperatives for our reasons of state. Policy in almost all areas has been founded on a series of propositions so endlessly repeated by Presidents, Congressmen, influential editors and publicists, and so rarely challenged by any countervailing voice, that it may be accepted as generally expressing the American appreciation of the external situation in which our free society finds itself. This appreciation may be summarized:

The international world is divided between only two really significant power centers, ourselves and the Soviet Union. The men who control the Soviet Union are consciously and deliberately resolved to achieve world conquest. In this aim, the greatest obstacle they face is the American free society; therefore, the destruction of the American society is their one overriding long-range goal. They are ruthless enough to use any means lying within their "capabilities" to achieve our destruction, and therefore we must be prepared for any form of attack which may be within their power—a sudden, "sneak" nuclear mass-destruction assault upon our cities, an overrunning of Western Europe with the destruction of our last firm allies, a political infiltration and capture of the "uncommitted" states around the Soviet periphery, thus neutralizing our advance bases and eroding our position as the head of the "free" world.

THE aims of the United States, on the other hand, are purely conservative, purely pacific and therefore, vis-a-vis the Communist world, purely defensive. Peace is our only goal; "containment" of the aggressive Communist power our only policy. In this enterprise, those who are not with us are against us. The concept allows no real latitude for negotiation or diplomacy, as regards either the "uncommitted" world, the Soviet satellite world or the Soviet Union itself. It permits only an essentially military defense of the national security. It requires the maintenance of an actual military force adequate to contain, by threat of reprisal, Soviet military attack; it requires a military diplomacy primarily interested in maintaining "centers of strength," in defeating "peace offensives," in waging propaganda and "psychological" warfare; it requires the ruthless suppression of internal seditions and treasons, such as is appropriate to a free society only (if ever) in times of war.

THUS baldly summarized, this concept of the international world seems obviously at variance with the objective facts, almost to the point of parody. Yet it has provided us with our currently ruling "reasons of state." Since 1945, our response to this concept of the international problem has followed a consistent pattern. We have, to a degree unusual in our history, militarized our society, bringing military officers and, even more important, military considerations into nearly all levels of governmental policy-making and administration. We have developed large armaments industries, wholly dependent upon government orders and forming a significant part of our total economy. We have imposed an eight-year "military obligation" on all young men and have at least tried to insure (though not too successfully) that all shall go through extensive military training.

This reflects our conviction that the supreme peril is that of Soviet *military* attack upon the United States, delivered either directly or against those vital "positions of strength," such as Western Europe, which we have established through our alliance systems. But with the possible exception of the two or three years after the outbreak of war in Korea, our massive military establishment has never really been designed to *repel* a Russian military attack, but rather to *prevent* such an attack through maintaining a superior "capacity for massive retaliation."

This policy, though announced by Secretary Dulles in January, 1954, was not invented by him; it had been implicit in our military planning since the days of the atomic monopoly. Indeed, it can even be detected behind the Truman-Attlee-King statement of 1945 calling for

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the abolition of nuclear weapons. It was very plain in the Finletter Air Policy report in early 1948, which contained the first really forceful warning that the monopoly was about to end. The report assumed that peace then rested only on our power of atomic reprisal; and against the day when the Soviet Union should also acquire an atomic capability, it could recommend only that our own retaliatory power should be kept superior to whatever the Russians might attain. "We must keep ahead." When, three or four years earlier than even the Finletter Commission had guessed, the Soviet Union did achieve an atomic capability, the major American response followed this pattern. It proceeded to a crash program to develop a thermonuclear weapon, which would carry a thousand times the destructive power of the earlier atomic bombs. If the deterrent atomic threat was to be neutralized by equivalent power in Russian hands, our recourse must be to raise our own threat to super-powerful levels.

THIS WAS IN the accepted tradition of the old pre-nuclear armament races, and under the war psychology which had become established and the essentially military concept of international affairs which we, like the Communists, had adopted, no other response was politically or psychologically possible. But to men like Oppenheimer, Fermi, Rabi and their scientific colleagues on the AEC's General Advisory Committee (which recommended unanimously against the crash program), it was apparent that it was no solution for the real problem which had been raised. The policy of a "capacity" for massive retaliation (which was always distinguished, at least in the minds of its more sophisticated authors, from a policy of massive retaliation in fact) could be of operative effect in the regulation of international affairs only so long as one side held a monopoly over the capacity. When the other side could also threaten massive retaliation, the result was bound to be a stalemate. The difficulty arose from the fact that the retaliatory power, once both sides were equipped with it, was already too great. To double it on one side, or for that matter on the other, or (as was virtually certain to happen) on both, really could not greatly affect the true dilemma.

But those who felt that a thermonuclear bomb was no solution could not, in the war context which had been established, offer any other. The crash program was adopted. In adopting it, we committed our national security not simply to a military concept of the world, but to a military policy which fundamentally rested on the assumption of our own superiority in military technology. We had the "know-how" (a phrase which has, happily, been vastly deflated in recent months and which one may hope will pass unhonored from the language). We could always "keep ahead." Our free, capitalistic institutions provided us not only with a moral power, but also with a morale and with a scientific, technological and industrial power with which Soviet totalitarianism could not compete. We stood determinedly for peace, the reduction of armaments, the abolition of the nuclear weapons, but always rigidly on our own terms. We tried to appeal to the "uncommitted" world with the superior moral values of our free society; but the effective appeal was that of our technological and industrial strength. Confiding our national security essentially to a military mobilization of our industrial technology, we felt reasonably confident of "winning" what we always thought of in terms of a war through maintaining a "capacity" always to exert the more terrible threat.

This concept at least promoted, if it did not produce, several consequences. Its emphasis on weapons technology, and the belief which this implied in the advanced state of our own technology, exaggerated the importance of keeping our military and technical secrets secure against penetration by the supposedly more backward enemy. This in turn not only reinforced the internal war on "traitors" and "seditionists," but imposed often crippling restrictions on our own scientific and technical development. The war psychology hobbled our foreign policy. It tended to blind us to the fact that the world was not entirely defined by Washington and Moscow, and made us over-rigid and inept in dealing with the hundreds of millions of people living in the "uncommitted" and "neutralist" areas. It made it doubly difficult for us to deal constructively with the problem of the non-Soviet communisms (China, Indo-China, Yugoslavia); and at least added to the embarrassments we suffered from the skill with which Arab and other Asian leaders played off Russia and ourselves against each other in the interests of revolutionary Asian nationalism.

It may be said that the cold war was not of our choosing; that it was forced upon us by a Soviet policy more warlike, truculent and uncompromising than our own. The fact remains that it takes two to make a war; and that in accepting the Soviet challenge so completely on its own terms, we have in many ways placed ourselves at a disadvantage. As a recent writer in *The Nation* puts it: "The assumption that the United States has the power to force the Soviet Union to capitulate to American terms is the fundamental weakness in America's conception of itself and the world." It is that weakness which the Soviet's dramatic success with the Sputniks has revealed; and it is the shock of the revelation, much more than the fact of Soviet rocketry, which has caused the present crisis.

THE launching of the first satellite shattered a number of the reasons of state built up over the past dozen years in the name of the common defense of the free society. Among them was the myth of American superiority in applied science and in weapons technology. American "know-how" had been sitting uneasily on its throne since the sudden appearance of the MIG jet-fighter planes in quantity over Korea in 1950; the throne itself was now toppled to the ground. What was probably our major appeal to the statesmen of the "uncommitted" nations had lost much of its force, while even our allies could not fail to feel a certain weakening in the strength which bound them to us.

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One can hardly doubt that our own technology will soon close the gap, and that we shall have missiles quite as frightful as anything in the Soviet arsenal. What cannot be recovered is the former confidence that the answer to the Soviet threat of attack (or of reprisals) upon ourselves can be found in a bigger threat of more deadly reprisals against the Soviet Union. The two great powers are now even: the policy of "a capacity for massive retaliation at times and places of our own choosing" is now equally open to both.

Communist diplomacy has always been a skillful mimic of Western diplomacy, and Khrushchev is showing himself an apt imitator of John Foster Dulles. His threat to use missile weapons against Britain and France at the time of the Suez crisis, his more recent linkage of the Soviet ICBM and the high-altitude thermonuclear burst and the launching of the first satellite to the manufactured "crisis" over Syria, are simply the Dulles "capacity for massive retaliation" in reverse. As such, this eviscerates the policy in our own hands. It is true that as an instrument of *military* offense or defense, the policy is of no more value to Khrushchev than to Dulles; and Khrushchev presumably has no more intention than Dulles of actually initiating thermonuclear warfare. It does, however, provide him with a useful cover for political and propagandist forays like that in Syria, to which our warlike posture and our essentially defensive policy permit no good reply.

OUR "REASONS of state" have failed of their purpose. The nation feels, and probably is, much less secure than ever in our history. The hydrogen arsenal has not made our power effective in the uncommitted world; it has rather, as Henry A. Kissinger has pointed out, disconnected our military power from practical policy altogether. This, in turn, has facilitated Soviet successes in the peripheral areas, while our war psychology has made it difficult for us to understand either the nature or cause of those successes or to counter them effectively. Just as we have viewed the global problem in terms of a military war for "world domination," so we have viewed individual local problems in terms of psychological war, a "war of ideas," a conflict between the democratic and Communist moral values for the "uncommitted" mind. This is a completely unrealistic approach to that large section of the world in which the significant force is not *popular* but *nationalist* revolution. This part of the world is in considerable degree controlled by absolute monarchs, dictators or relatively small bureaucratic cliques for which the free values of capitalistic democracy have no appeal, who are not responsive to popular pressures and whose peoples, moreover, find little meaning in democratic theories. We have simply laid ourselves open to exploitation by revolutionary nationalisms skilled in playing us against the Soviet Union and the Soviet Union against us.

OUR SECURITY policies have failed to bring any promise of security. Rather, they seem to have established trends which appear to lead either to a series of retreats, with progressive loss of freedom in the world, or else to inevitable and utterly suicidal nuclear war. In the last few years we have made increasingly desperate efforts to escape the terror of our own weapons through "disarmament" conferences. Admittedly, it is unlikely that such conferences could under any circumstances have led to useful results, but our effort to wage disarmament as a campaign in a war has made it obviously impossible.

It is now abundantly evident that our intense preoccupation with sedition, secrecy and espionage—often trespassing on what had been considered the constitutional limitations of a free society—has had little or no effect in retarding Soviet scientific and technical advance; instead, it has been a material factor in retarding our own. On the one hand, it has impeded the free flow of scientific and technical ideas and has added materially to the costs and confusions of our own weapons-engineering. On the other hand, it has deprived the public of the information it needed to check on the progress of the weapons programs, to detect the failures, to expose the wastes and confusions which have existed in it. Thus, in still another way, our "reasons of state," advanced in the name of national security, have done more to impair than to promote the security of the nation.

YET WHEN THE President on November 7 addressed the nation on Science and Security, no recognition of this situation appeared in what he said. In declaring that the "overall military strength of the free world is distinctly greater than of the Communist countries," he gave no indication that this is irrelevant to a problem created by the fact that comparative military strengths, even comparative capacities to release nuclear firepower, have become meaningless. He offered to enlarge the areas in which military secrets will be shared with allies, but gave no hint of the crippling effects of the secrecy itself and of the attitudes behind it. In saying that our development of "clean" bombs would be important for "use over our own country," he seemed not to appreciate the fact that the "cleanness" of the bombs we use "over our own country" cannot affect the "dirtiness" of those used against us; he seemed unaware that radioactive fall-out knows no national boundaries, and blind to the problem presented by a form of warfare which could not be actively waged at all without a colossal radioactive pollution of the world.

Most official and unofficial suggestions for meeting the sudden crisis have similarly fallen into the pattern of intensifying the Soviet-American war. The Russians have won a "battle"; we must rally to "win" a bigger one. It is true that some of the dangers of our military secrecy have now been realized. There has been a sudden spate of information about missile progress—though rather notably of a kind calculated to exculpate the authorities, improve the propaganda position and soothe public dissatisfaction, rather than of the kind requisite to bring effective public knowledge and criticism to bear upon the whole policy problem. There has been some

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recognition of the desirability of releasing engineers and scientists from the more rigid of the security restrictions in which they have been confined. But generally the first impulse seems to have been to draw the secrecy, the seclusiveness, the military attitudes of the garrison state, more closely still. We must "mobilize" more young men for engineering and scientific careers, rather than free them to pursue such careers unhampered by the anti-intellectual prejudices generated by the dozen years of the cold war. There is no suggestion that our secret police, intelligence and anti-espionage agencies slacken their efforts. At whatever costs, we must now "catch up."

But all of this still fails to provide an answer to what General Omar N. Bradley has called the awful "irony" of mankind's attempt "to stave off this ultimate threat of disaster by devising arms which would be ultimate and disastrous."

Thus the initial reaction has been to cling more fiercely than before to most of the old reasons of state, not realizing that they have offered no solution, or worse than no solution, for either the military problem or the diplomatic, the political and even the moral problem presented by the Soviet Union's dazzling exploits. Is this not an attempt to cure the disease by aggravating it? If the broad policy trends and popular attitudes established over the past dozen years point only more and more ineluctably toward utter disaster, is it not necessary in some way to alter these trends? May it even be possible in some measure to do so by placing more emphasis upon the constitutionally guaranteed freedoms of the free society, and less upon the military reasons of state?

THERE IS obviously no ready answer to the question of how this might be done. But it is suggested here that a first step might be the abandonment of those reasons of state which have proved to be irrational. A fresh national appraisal of the real world with which we must deal might, for example, free our policy from the war framework in which it has been imprisoned. It has already been said that the concept of an inappeasable Soviet-American war rests upon what appears to be a fundamentally erroneous appreciation of the external situation. It is impossible that the men who control the Kremlin should be single-mindedly dedicated to the destruction of the United States, if only because, like other politicians and statesmen, especially those exercising vast powers, they are swayed by varying motives, are the victims of many pressures and must be inherently opportunists. It is at the same time equally unrealistic to see the United States as always devoted purely to peace. We are also devoted to the maintenance of positions and interests—naturally, without war if possible—which unavoidably threatens others, affect their interests and positions and render largely meaningless the conventional concept of "aggression," on which we have sought to found not only our policy but our popular thought about international affairs.

If "peace at any price" is not only impracticable but self-contradictory, "peace on our own terms" is even more so; and the second might well be laid aside along with the first. If the Russians appear to mount a war upon us we must, obviously, take whatever reasonable precautions we can in our own defense. But that does not mean that we must mount a war in return upon them. The actual world is far more fluid, more open to negotiation, more subject to influence in many ways than this rigid concept of total polarization permits us to realize. A better grasp of this real world with which we must deal should expose the irrationality of our past reasons of state; it should help to free us from our self-imprisonment in the cold war and provide us with more genuine reasons of state likely to be more in consonance with the constitution of the free society.

VIVISECTION of a POET . . *by Kenneth Rexroth*

It was at the insistence of The Nation's *editors that Kenneth Rexroth, poet and critic by profession, volunteered for the traumatic experience hereinafter described. We felt that, whether or not his report would contribute to pure science, it would most certainly contribute to the reader's edification—and amusement.*—THE EDITORS.

San Francisco

LAWRENCE LIPTON has a very funny poem called *I Was A Poet for the FBI*. I have never precisely been a poet for them, though I doubt not but what I have caused them sufficient annoyance. However, I now feel fame has arrived. I have been a poet for the IPAR, formerly the OS of the OSS.

Things have been dull here beside Frisco Bay. There was a UNESCO conference. No story there, or rather, exactly the same story as the Industrial Development thing I just finished for *The Nation* [see The Boys Who Rule the World, November 2 issue]: the American System of world alliances is falling apart and the only answer the lads in power have is, "If getting tough hasn't worked, get tougher." Things are tough all over this winter. We must tighten our belts and get our own dog up. The best thing was the show of Asian and Western art at the San Francisco Museum, which really showed a lot of fruitful cross-fertilization. It is in the world of concrete things, objects, not profits and power blocs, that the slow and painful but absolutely essential marriage of the East and West is taking place.

So much for UNESCO. And then I got the loveliest invitation. What a pity it can't be quoted in full, but the gist of it was that an outfit call-

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ing itself the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research, which had started out in life as the Office of Selection of the OSS, with the job of insuring that everybody in the Army brightened the corner where he were, had got a bucketful of gold from the Carnegie people and had transferred from the Army to that River Rouge of the intellect, the University of California, and had cut loose on the creative personality, which they were very busy assessing and researching, and now they had got to writers and would I please come and be assessed. "Our way of conducting research is to invite selected subjects to come to the Institute house for a period of two or three days, and there talk with members of our staff, participate in a series of experiments and psychological tests, and meet and interact with a number of other persons selected on a similar basis." Lady Ottoline Morrel used to do the same thing, but she had to use her own money, and to judge from Aldous Huxley's novel the interacting was more fun. Anyway—the novel made him famous. The IPAR *née* OS of OSS didn't sound like quite such profitable literary material, but it promised to be fun enough.

SO I drove over to the remodeled fraternity house that sheltered this American politisolator of dreadfully civilized vivisection, across the bridge in the sunset under the dog and the cone and the still beeping balls, wondering if I was ever really going to escape from the lot of this hilariously sarcastic Russian movie I have been lost in for the past ten years. Everybody was so nice. I met people I knew, looking sheepish, and Jungians looking like seance addicts about to get a message from the Beyond, and clinical psychologists looking like Buick dealers, and psychiatrists fresh from the loony wards looking tired and worried, and professors looking like professors, and specialists in the creative personality (believe me, it is possible to make a living at this specialty) with the shy, happy, chummy look of specialists in the creative personality, and a couple of rugged sharpies who looked like they were in it for kicks, and several earnest and not very happy young women. Cocktails. How I hate them. This social obligation to stick your tongue on a third rail before dinner—the only universally accepted Rite of Passage of modern civilization. They had cocktails at Yalta, cocktails at the coming out party of *The Memoirs of an Escaped Nun,* cocktails at weddings, at births, at gallery openings, maybe at hangings, and here we were being bucked up for our mental delousing with the things again. I had a little whiskey. It didn't make the dinner taste any worse. I began to realize I was back in America, a place I try to keep away from. The conversation was all about children and television. It sounded awfully cooked and loaded, but I put that down to everybody's being self-conscious—"a little paranoid," as they say. For what it was worth, they learned that I have never seen a complete TV program, my children don't watch it, we don't own a set or have any friends who do. I wasn't aggressive about it, in fact it all came out politely and reluctantly.

After dinner, everybody paired off for Rorschachs. I have become down the years a little fatigued with Rorschachs and my normal powers of fantasy always desert me, but I strung along—you can't win. And then those terribly corny thematic pictures with which I have never been able to do anything whatever. And then some questionnaires and I guess then the Terman test, that *tour de force* of conformity. By this time everybody was weary and we called it a night.

The night, at their expense, was to be spent in the Hotel Claremont. This is a curious place. It is an immense, flamboyant, wooden structure, built in Stanford White's own "California Style" either by him or by a close disciple, and worthy of the wildest moments of Barcelona's wonderful lunatic. It is just across the bridge from San Francisco, that notoriously cosmopolitan city, but it is, weekends, the hangout of Berkeley's leading small merchants and their wives or stenographers, a more provincial lot than ever existed in Brooklyn's innermost recesses in its most recessive days. I felt like Edmund Wilson that time his plane was grounded in Miami and he was trapped for twenty-four hours in the Great American Mass Culture about which he had written often and learnedly and in innocent and utter ignorance. This was it. What country was I in? Where was my passport?

Suddenly I ran into the daughter of a leading libertarian intellectual, working like a dog at one of the institution's better-dressed menialities. We were both plenty startled. What was I doing here? When she asked, I realized the answer. I was making a fast buck allowing my head to be tooken apart by skilled representatives of precisely this world which was here tonight disporting itself in ill-fitting lamé creations and Sears Roebuck tuxedos. Tonight they might buy me drinks or even dance with me. But tomorrow, off in the tortuous couloirs of a remodeled fraternity house, the billions of Mr. Carnegie and the penetrating insights of Drs. Jung and Terman were going to concentrate on my poor central nervous system, and find out why I couldn't mix in with a dinner dance in Fargo, North Dakota, and what it would mean to the OS of the OSS of the onrushing ICBM War III. O, but I could! Only Mr. Luce thinks I'm like Rimbaud. I'm a great mixer . . . But I missed my wife and kids, so I went to bed.

ALL DAY NEXT day it went on. I made up a picture out of little bits of color. I had a long, chummy, deep-speaking-to-deep sort of talk with the expert on the creative personality. I indicated my preferences in Scotch tartans. I chased the elusive *Gestalts* through lines of bric-a-brac. I sought the still more elusive after-images of melodies like *Humoresque* and noises like something falling down. I sorted things and interpreted symbols. A rather frightened, puzzled, but very determined looking young woman took me in the attic, blindfolded me, led me into a dark room and spent twenty minutes finding out if I could tell vertical from horizontal. I could, pretty good.

Cocktails in the gloaming again and then some more of that exqui-

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site *cuisine institutionale Americain,* and then lots of questionnaires. One was by two Jungian ladies—and was it something! It was probably the best auto-analysis of two Jungian ladies ever done. I wouldn't like to know them. They were mortifyingly shy in mixed company. They said the wrong things when out socially and then regretted them bitterly in the wee hours. They didn't like their complexions. They didn't like men. Not even Carl Jung. They were real foul-ups. You could tell from the questionnaire. Fortunately they didn't appear in the flesh. It was a most distressing questionnaire. And then the long pink questionnaires they give the kids at California U. Very appropriate for middle-aged, successful authors: "Would you like to be a fireman?" "Do you ever doze off in class?" "Does your family object when you stay out late?" as well as a number of subtly loaded questions which add up to "Are you bothered much by the sin of impure touch?" By the time I got through I had a darn good notion to just up and bite my nails. The next day dragged on with more of the same until afternoon, when we got more cocktails and had a chummy little summing up and were all very polite to each other. I think the term in these cats' jive is "shared each other's thinking." Oh, yeah?

WHAT DID it all mean? Nothing. The sensory tests measured responses and faculties in ways open to subjective distortion both by the subject and the examiner. The very mild psychoanalytic probings were utterly superficial and, as far as I could judge, inspired entirely by the dubious occultism of the Swiss mahatma. Serious psychoanalysts are far too busy in clinics and hospitals trying to help the really mentally ill to bother with nonsense like this. The vertical and horizontal girl was all right. You felt she had something there and was grimly resolved to find out if it meant anything. She was testing a measurable, physical response; it was a poor thing, but science and her own. I would have felt much better all around if my reflexes had been hammered and they'd have found out if I was dermographic, if my irises responded properly to stimuli, if my feet sweat, if I swallowed air or was subject to fits of unmotivated itching. "Do your family object if you stay out late?" "Do you think your poems up, or do they just come to you?" Indeed.

A PUBLISHER has just issued a book wherein a similar bunch of clinical psychologists have tested in similar ways three groups: the normal (?), the neurotic (?), the psychotic (?). What did they discover after spending a lot of foundation money? That the normal were normal, the psychotics weren't and the neurotics were nervous. Really they did, I'm telling the truth. This unvarnished hokum with which our society intimidates itself is far less effective, far less scientific, than the varnished hokum of other days and peoples. Any Sioux medicine man, any kind and attentive priest, any properly aged grandmother, any Chinese herbalist could have found out more in a half-hour than these people did in three days.

It used to be done so much more cheaply, too. That is the point, the whole point. These capers have been going on for years. The OS of the OSS and the IPAR are only doing poets now because they are scraping the bottom of their social barrel. They've already done just about every other category of human. This has cost many large pots of money. A foundation, no more than the government, is not really a money-bush. Once that money was somebody's labor. As the old Socialist teachers used to say in the Rand School when I was a child, "Who are the eaters of surplus value?" All this foundation jive is just a very fancy way of exploiting the working class. It has replaced the Radical Movement as the great source of interesting careers for the unemployable children of the middle and upper classes, just as India or the Church were for nineteenth-century England. America is full of Phi Beta Kappas in well-shined shoes who toil not, neither do they spin. They have projects. And the profits of the oil wells in Arabia, and the automobile factories in Detroit, and the steel mills in Pittsburgh feed them and clothe them and shelter them like the lilies of the field and the foxes of the earth. They are just another way of circumventing the falling rate of profit and about as socially useful as an intercontinental ballistic missile. All this sort of nonsense—production for social waste—has taken the place of colonialism in mid-twentieth-century economy. A clinical psychologist living on a steel worker's unpaid wages is fulfilling exactly the same social function as one of Masefield's famous "cheap tin trays" outward bound down the greasy Channel to the reluctant Fuzzy Wuzzys. No more, no less.

As for clinical psychology itself, and/or psychoanalysis, does experience substantiate any of their vast claims? The sick and troubled in this sick and troubled society need help desperately and wise and loving people can help them. If their medicine bundles, full of rats' teeth and oddly shaped pebbles and bats' dung, give them the necessary confidence to inspire reciprocal confidence in their patients, well and good. But when Ernest Jones says that if he could have gotten Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin and Churchill and Roosevelt on his couch he could have changed history, we are dealing with a badly self-deluded thaumaturgist. As for an operation like the OS of the OSS, now called IPAR, it is posited on the assumption of the relative benignity of the society that will make use of its findings, granting that it will turn up bona fide findings. Theoretically, this happy-go-lucky invasion of the sanctity of the person, this analysis of the sources of creativity and nonconformity, could be put to the most vicious uses. Not after some dictator had seized power—but simply in the due course of our obviously accelerating decay of liberty and respect for the person. As I pointed out to a well-known Irish novelist who was a fellow hamster, neither Thomas Paine nor Robert Emmett would have submitted to such indignities for an instant. We take them as a normal part of our society. This is all true, but one assumption is false. There is no evidence that all this stuff works. It doesn't. There isn't

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the slightest evidence that the puddler in Pittsburgh, the man on the line in River Rouge, is one iota happier for all the millions of his wages spent on industrial psychologists.

And as for the other side of the coin, Stalin presumably had at his disposal the talents of some of the world's finest clinical psychologists, trained in the most rigorous of schools, and yet, according to Khrushchev, when it came to a show-down in the cork-lined cellars, all the drugs and brain-washing and psychology proved ineffective and the confessions of the Moscow trials were produced by techniques older by far than those of medicine men or the Neanderthal witch doctors of the caves. Courage and common sense are the first of virtues, as Johnson said. A brave man can take a lot of punishment, a sensible man can see through a lot of fraud. I don't really think we have much to fear from a dictatorship serviced by psychologists; and it is nice that our psychologists don't believe in hurting you, even to the extent of a back scratch or a tap on the knee.

LET'S CALL A CONFERENCE . . *by Dan Wakefield*

IT CAN SAFELY be assumed that if the news of an atomic attack on New York is flashed in advance to the city government, a committee will promptly be appointed to deal with the problem, and, if there is time, a conference will be held. When the fallout clears, a social worker will rise from the radioactive dust and ask that the survivors "define their terms."

A somewhat less drastic but more immediate crisis was dealt with in such a manner last week at a conference of the New York Commission on Intergroup Relations. The conference dealt not only with intergroup relations, but even more basically with the rapid decline and decay of New York City.

Dr. Dan W. Dodson, director of the Center for Human Relations and Community Studies of New York University, outlined the crisis in lucid terms. Dr. Dodson reported, among other facts, that if it had not been for the influx of the non-white and Puerto Rican population, New York City would have lost 750,000 people since 1950. While all our larger cities are suffering from the exodus to surrounding suburbs, Dr. Dodson pointed out, some of them are reacting to the challenge with imagination. New York is not among these. Dr. Dodson explained it this way:

> When I look at Pittsburgh and see how political power and social-status power got together and rebuilt the Golden Triangle and compare it with New York City, I see no such comparison. Social-status power has been on a sit-down strike on any redevelopment since racial factors became involved in residential occupancy. . . .
>
> During the twenty years in which I have had intimate knowledge of such matters in New York, except for the Rockefeller brothers and their leadership in getting the United Nations into our city, I have seen little evidence of interest in this city, on the part of the social-power structure. I believe the reason for it is, these interests withdrew when the minority ethnic elements became strong enough to use political leverage to regulate the actions of the social-power groups. Stripped of its leadership, the only way the city can be redeveloped is through socialization. Soon the city will be landlord to more than one-half million people. This is a population larger than any except seventeen of our largest cities, according to the most recent national census.

As for the kind of shelter provided by the city as "landlord," Dr. Dodson observed:

> Present architecture resembles barracks or dormitories more than homes. I was impressed with this at the Al Smith houses the other day when I was told about the mother who lived in a cold-water flat trying to keep track of her children who were on the grounds while she was on the sixteenth floor. The size, the conspicuousness, and the architecture contrive to remind us that we do not have community in these neighborhoods, we have racial and social concentrations of population with built-in reminders to each other that we are different.

With Dr. Dodson's Sunday night sketch of Armageddon behind them, the 200 conferees of neighborhood leaders, ministers, policemen, social workers, city-agency representatives and school teachers gathered in eight separate panels to spend the next day discussing the problems and making recommendations to the Commission on Intergroup Relations (COIR). COIR was established in 1955, and is still in the process of formulating its policies. So far it acts as a "referral agency" on problems of housing and discrimination, sends "community-relations experts" to investigate reports of racial tensions and "help fight the fire." It was asking at the conference for further recommendations for its work, and for suggestions on how it might help halt the disentegration of New York City and its neighborhoods.

A remark of Dr. Dodson's in the opening night speech forecast what seemed to be the essential tragedy of the Monday panel discussions. "It is difficult," he said, "to develop a sense of community when city agencies themselves fragment it. Sometimes one wonders if the bureaucrats do not do it on purpose in order to keep the people from organizing to demand more creative services from them."

There was at least one bureaucrat on every panel, armed with enough sociological jargon to forestall any prolonged attempt at discussion of specific plans or problems. The pattern was set quite early, when one panel opened with the presentation of a problem by a lady from a housing project. She reported that 99 per cent of the applications for a recently-built New York City housing

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project turned out to be from nonwhites. In an attempt to retain the dwindling white population of the area, and keep it in some sense an integrated community, the lady and her friends had recruited 450 applicants from white people for entry into the project. The city only accepted twelve of these applications, and explained that "our hands are tied by rules and regulations." The lady wanted to know why this sort of thing happened when the city was crying publicly for integrated neighborhoods, and what could be done about it.

At this moment a representative of the New York City Youth Board spoke up to say that the discussion should first be held on "generalities."

"We first need definitions, general methods, and agreement on methodology before we get to problems like this," he said.

Another lady who was interested in the housing-project story asked more about it, but the Youth Board man spoke again to say that if we were going to build a chair we first had to know our tool chest. He proposed that the panel adopt first a definition of the word "neighborhood," developed by sociologists in 1936 as "a geographical area clearly defined with natural and sociological boundaries."

MUCH of the morning on the panel was taken up with similar exercises. One forlorn girl reported at lunch that her group had finally agreed on the definition of a neighborhood as an area with certain geographical boundaries. A young man from East Harlem laughed and gave his own definition, which would well have saved countless man-hours for the panelists: "A neighborhood," he said, "is a place where if you leave it you get beat up."

On one of the panels a woman was saying that the advent of frozen foods was one of the main causes of neighborhood disintegration, since no one spent much time in the grocery store with neighbors any more but merely went in and bought a TV dinner. A lady on the panel from the City Planning Commission (the title is almost a contradiction) pointed out that frozen foods actually liberated the women from the kitchen and gave them more time to "communicate." Instead of having to stay at the stove, she explained, the housewife could use that time to "sit outside and communicate with the children." One imagines a mother with semaphore flags and the kids taking notes.

That particular panel grappled for about fifteen minutes with "the Puerto Rican problem" which is now under the aegis of the Committee on Intergroup Relations. COIR has absorbed the now defunct Mayor's Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, which was not too difficult a body to absorb, since it had never done anything except hold conferences. The COIR has a Puerto Rican Affairs Committee, whose work with the Spanish-speaking peoples of the city is officially explained as follows: "The Committee gives special attention to these matters to the degree necessary to assure that these problems are comprehended by and integrated into the total program of the Commission." This no doubt comes as considerable solace to the 550,000 Puerto Ricans in New York City.

In another room, a citizen from Jackson Heights was taking up the cudgels for "the disenfranchised white middle class." She said that Jackson Heights was getting so crowded that if she had any children she wouldn't know where they would have room to play, and that many middle-class whites like herself were looking for more spacious pastures. The Negro chairman of the panel asked if anyone had any suggestions on how to keep the middle-class whites in New York City. A Negro minister answered that there were many Negroes who wanted to move out of the city, too, and had enough money to move to the suburbs, but couldn't get there because of housing discrimination. "The Negroes don't have access to the suburbs," he said, "but that doesn't mean they wouldn't like to go. They have values, too. They would like more room, too."

That afternoon the panels had to get to the specific recommendations, particularly on whether or not the COIR should set up neighborhood "co-ordinating committees." A policeman from Brooklyn who presumably had taken no courses in social work and was thereby able to express himself in English, spoke up to say that "Nobody wants to be co-ordinated — eventually you wipe out the original organizations of the neighborhood. You get them all co-ordinated doing nothing."

BACK AT THE PANEL where the Youth Board man had dominated the morning with his talk of methodological tool chests, a member was suggesting in the waning moments that the COIR set up at least one pilot project to study a specific community and see how it changed and what its specific problems were. The Youth Board man rose against this heresy to say that "COIR should first sponsor more of these discussions. Action at this point would be previous and premature."

There was no more danger of suggestions for specific action — it was time for the panelists to assemble in a body for the last rites of the conference.

Alfred J. Marrow, chairman of the conference, read the assembled conclusions and suggestions of the panels. They were that neighborhood co-ordinating committees could be valuable; that where neighborhood committees already existed COIR should act in a "consultative and supportive role"; that COIR should "help intercommunication on intergroup matters in a neighborhood"; that it should "foster an in-service human-relations training program"; that it should "collect research data regarding possible neighborhood change" and try to "insure upward mobility in housing projects."

"I think this in brief summarizes the recommendations," Mr. Marrow said. "I have three pages of notes but they are somewhat unfinished and I think they would be of greater use to you if we study them more thoroughly and send you a report on them."

The audience dispersed rather quickly. We have no research data available on where they went, but we can guess that those among them who still live inside the city went home to pack their families and head for Connecticut.

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

AS IN previous years before Christmas, *The Nation* has asked a group of its contributors to list several books which they have read during the past year with pleasure and profit. We print their selections as a highly-selective but widely-varied shopping list.

To supplement these lists (and in some cases overlapping them, as they overlap one another), the literary editor has gone back through the issues of the last twelve months and listed the books reviewed in that period which seem to him the best candidates for Christmas, either because of their permanent interest or for their special attractiveness as gifts. These appear immediately below. A list of recent books by *Nation* writers will be found on Page 461.

The Legacy of Holmes and Brandeis. By Samuel L. Konefsky. Macmillan. $6.
Three Penny Novel. By Bertolt Brecht. Evergreen. $1.75.
The Organization Man. By William H. Whyte, Jr. Simon & Schuster. $5.
The Letters of William Blake. Geoffrey Keynes, ed. Macmillan. $10.
Mirror in My House. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. Two volumes, $20.
The Fall. By Albert Camus. Knopf. $3.
The Crossing. By Jean Reverzy. Pantheon. $3.50.
The Assistant. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar. $3.50.
The Spirit of Tragedy. By Herbert J. Muller. Knopf. $5.
The Talking Turtle and Other Ozark Tales. By Vance Randolph. Columbia. $4.
The Complete Works of Nathanael West. Farrar. $5.
Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Shaping Years: 1841-1870. By Mark de Wolfe Howe. Harvard. $5.
A Dictionary of American-English Usage. By Margaret Nicholson. Oxford. $5.
The Tao of Painting. By Mai-Mai Sze. Pantheon. Two volumes, $25.
Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymous Bosch. By Henry Miller. New Directions. $6.50.
In Deep. By Bernard Wolfe. Knopf. $3.95.
The Political Economy of Growth. By Paul A. Baran. Monthly Review Press. $5.
The Tower and the Abyss. By Erich Kahler. George Braziller. $6.
Myth and Guilt. By Theodor Reik. George Braziller. $3.75.
The Selected Letters of William Carlos Williams. McDowell, Obolensky. $5.
Opus Posthumous. By Wallace Stevens. Knopf. $6.75.
For Future Doctors. By Alan Gregg. The University of Chicago Press. $3.50.
Preliminary Essays. By John Wain. St. Martin's. $3.25.
Byron. By Leslie A. Marchand. Knopf. Three volumes, $20.
On the Road. By Jack Kerouac. Viking. $3.95.
Sigmund Freud: The Last Phase, 1919-1939. By Ernest Jones. Basic Books. $7.50.
Poems From the Greek Anthology. By Dudley Fitts. New Directions. $3.
The Complete Works of Montaigne. Donald M. Frame, translator. Stanford. $12.50.
Room at the Top. By John Braine. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

Nelson Algren

They Are Human Too. A Photo-essay on the Palestine-Arab refugees. By Per-Olow Anderson. Regnery. $6.50.
The Sandburg Range. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. $6.
Who Struck John? By Jimmy Cannon. Dial. $3.50.
They Hanged My Saintly Billy. By Robert Graves. Doubleday. $3.95.
Giants of Jazz. By Studs Terkel. Crowell. $3.

William Bittner

The Selected Letters of William Carlos Williams. McDowell, Obolensky. $5.
The Complete Works of Nathanael West. Farrar. $5.
The Hunters and the Hunted. By Ivan Bahriany. St. Martin's. $3.50.
In Deep. By Bernard Wolfe. Knopf. $3.95.
Poe: A Critical Study. By Edward H. Davidson. Harvard. $4.75.

Kay Boyle

Five Modern No Plays. By Yukio Mishima. Knopf. $4.
Forced to be Free. By John D. Montgomery. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.
Fires on the Plain. By Shohei Ooka. Knopf. $3.50.
Freedom of the Will. The Works of Jonathan Edwards. Edited by Paul Ramsey. Yale. $6.50.
The Makioka Sisters. By Junichiro Tanizaki. Knopf. $4.95.

Harold Clurman

Saturn: An Essay on Goya. By André Malraux. Phaidon. $10.
Index to the Story of My Days. By Gordon Craig. Viking. $7.50.
Bridgehead. By Waldo Frank. George Braziller. $3.75.
The Theatre in Soviet Russia. By Nikolai A. Gorchakov. Columbia. $10.
On Poetry and Poets. By T. S. Eliot. Farrar. $4.50.

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Carl Dreher

Life: An Introduction to Biology. By Simpson, Pittendrigh, Tiffany. Harcourt, Brace. $10.

The Organization Man. By William H. Whyte, Jr. Doubleday. $5.

Russia Since 1917. By Frederick L. Schuman. Knopf. $6.50.

In the Court of Public Opinion. By Alger Hiss. Knopf. $5.

Seize the Day. By Saul Bellow. Viking. $3.

Herbert Gold

The Assistant. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar. $3.50.

Seize the Day. By Saul Bellow. Viking. $3.

The New Class. An Analysis of the Communist System. By Milovan Djilas. Praeger. $3.95.

The Organization Man. By William H. Whyte, Jr. Doubleday. $5.

The Living Novel. By Granville Hicks. Macmillan. $4.50.

Richard Hoggart

Family and Kinship. By Michael Young and Peter Willmott. Free Press. $5.

Anni Mirabiles 1921-1925. Reason in the Madness of Letters. Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office. 25c.

Look Back In Anger. By John Osborne. Criterion. $2.75.

Katherine Hoskins

The Crossing. By Jean Reverzy. Pantheon. $3.50.

The Human Brain. By John Edward Pfeiffer. Harper. $4.50.

Science and Human Values. By J. Bronowski. Julian Messner. $3.

The Selected Letters of William Carlos Williams. McDowell, Obolensky. $5.

Promises: Poems 1954-1956. By Robert Penn Warren. Random. $3.

Joseph Wood Krutch

The Towers of Trebizond. By Rose Macauley. Farrar. $3.75.

The Immense Journey. By Leonard Eiseley. Random. $3.50.

The Court and the Castle. By Rebecca West. Yale. $3.75.

A Commonplace Book. By Charles P. Curtis. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

John and William Bartram's America. By Helen G. Cruickshank. Devin-Adair. $5.

W. S. Merwin

Fires on the Plain. By Shohei Ooka. Knopf. $3.50.

Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. $4.50.

Coup de Grace. By Marguerite Yourcenar. Farrar. $3.

Battle for the Mind. By William Sargant. Doubleday. $4.50.

Pnin. By Vladimir Nabokov. Doubleday. $3.50.

Howard Nemerov

An American Takes A Walk. By Reed Whittemore. University of Minnesota Press. $2.75.

A Legacy. By Sibylle Bedford. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Justine. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.50.

Thirty Stories. By Kay Boyle. New Directions. $1.45.

Last Tales. By Isak Dinesen. Random. $4.

Michael D. Reagan

The Citadel. By William S. White. Harper. $3.75.

Mass Culture. In Popular Arts in America. By Bernard Rosenberg. Falcon's Wing Press. $6.50.

The Wapshot Chronicle. By John Cheever. Harper. $3.50.

The Nature of the Non-Western World. By Vera M. Dean. Mentor. 50c.

Russia Since 1917. By Frederick L. Schuman. Knopf. $6.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

When We Were Here Together. By Kenneth Patchen. New Directions. $3.50.

Color of Darkness. By James Purdy. New Directions. $3.50.

Plotinus. Translated by Stephen MacKenna. Pantheon. $12.50.

Roots of American Communism. By Theodore Draper. Viking. $6.75.

Here and Now. By Denise Levertov. Pocket Poets Series. 75c.

M. L. Rosenthal

Great Praises. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford. $4.

Promises: Poems 1954-1956. By Robert Penn Warren. Random. $3.

The Selected Letters of William Carlos Williams. McDowell, Obolensky. $5.

Collected Poems of Edwin Muir. Grove Press. $1.45.

Poems from the Greek Anthology. Translated by Dudley Fitts. New Directions. $3.

The Variorum Edition of the Poems of W. B. Yeats. Edited by Allt & Alspach. Macmillan. $18.50.

May Sarton

The Towers of Trebizond. By Rose Macauley. Farrar. $3.75.

A Legacy. By Sybille Bedford. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

The Finest Stories of Sean O'Faolain. Little, Brown. $4.75.

Close to Colette. By Maurice Goudeket. Farrar. $4.

Craft and Character in Modern Fiction. By Morton Dauwen Zabel. Viking. $4.75.

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The Tower and the Abyss. By Erich Kahler. George Braziller. $6.

The Democratic and the Authoritarian State. By Franz Neumann. Free Press. $6.

The Roots of American Communism. By Theodore Draper. Viking. $6.75.

The Future of Socialism. By C. A. R. Crosland. Macmillan. $7.

Reflections on Hanging. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $4.50.

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By Love Possessed. By James G.

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Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

Wapshot Chronicle. By John Cheever. Harper. $3.50.

A Death in the Family. By James Agee. McDowell, Obolensky. $3.95.

Birth of a Grandfather. By May Sarton. Rinehart. $3.75.

Love Among the Cannibals. By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

Harvey Swados

The Assistant. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar. $3.50.

The Life of Freud. Vol. III. By Ernest Jones. Basic Books. $7.50.

Love Among the Cannibals. By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

To See the Dream. By Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace. $3.95.

Flaubert & Mme. Bovary. By Francis Steegmuller. Vintage Reprint. $1.25.

Mark Van Doren

The Last of the Wine. By M. Renault. Pantheon. $4.50.

The Nun's Story. By Kathryn Hulme. Little, Brown. $4.

Last Tales. By Isak Dinesen. Random. $4.

Letters from a Distant Land. By Philip Booth. Viking. $3.

Dan Wakefield

The Town. By William Faulkner. Random. $3.95.

On The Line. By Harvey Swados. Little, Brown. $3.75.

A Death in the Family. By James Agee. McDowell, Obolensky. $3.95.

The Shame of the Cities. By Lincoln Steffens. Sagamore Press. $1.25.

William Appleman Williams

Russia in Transition. By Isaac Deutscher. Coward - McCann. $4.50.

The Origins of the American Party System. By Joseph Charles. Institute of Early American History and Culture. $2.50.

On the Line. By Harvey Swados. Little, Brown. $3.75.

The Selected Writings of John Jay Chapman. Edited by J. Barzun. Farrar. $5.

The American Class Structure. By J. A. Kahl. Rinehart. $6.

The illustrations on these pages are from 19th century children's readers. Courtesy New York Public Library Picture Collection.

ART BOOKS for CHRISTMAS

Maurice Grosser

OF THE various art books which have come to hand for the Christmas trade the most sumptuous are three printed in Italy for the New York Graphic Society; they contain the finest color reproductions I have yet seen. One is on the Ravenna mosaics (45 plates; $20). The two others, on Spanish Romanesque painting and on the Masaccio frescoes in Florence (each with 32 plates at $16.50), are published by arrangement with UNESCO as part of its world art series. Since one has been led to think of Byzantine art as formal and decorative, the psychological realism of the portraits shown here in detail is a great surprise. The volume on Romanesque Spain shows a series of wall paintings from churches and museums, rich and sombre, calligraphic and severe. The volume on Masaccio brings those extraordinary Florentine frescoes close up and exhibits their grave and convincing humanity in a way otherwise impossible to see, even on the spot.

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than 500 illustrations in color and in black and white is *The Picture History of Painting from Cave Painting to Modern Times,* by H. W. Janson and Dora Jane Janson (Harry N. Abrams. 520 pp. $15). The text is in the simple style appropriate for the young. The color plates are inaccurate but the black and white cuts are admirable.

Two important surveys are *Three Hundred Years of American Painting* by Alexander Eliot (*Time, Inc.* 316 pages of text and 250 color illustrations. $13.50) and *New Art in America* by John I. H. Bauer, Lloyd Goodrich, Dorothy C. Miller, James Thrall Soby and Frederick S. Wight (Frederick A. Praeger. 280 pp. $22.50). The first of these is a history of American painting from Colonial times. Its many color illustrations are well-selected but of poor quality. They are presumably printed from plates used in *Time* or *Life* and, as in those magazines, give no idea of color or paint surface. The text by the art editor of *Time* is well written and the book is reasonably complete, with a chronological chart of painters and a useful list of collections where American painting can be seen. *New Art in America* presents the work of fifty American painters since 1900. The five authors are directors or curators of the Whitney Museum, the Museum of Modern Art of New York and the Art Gallery of the University of California; the fifty names can be taken as the list of painters officially admired. It is nevertheless surprising that the editors excluded a painter as celebrated as Reginald Marsh and at the same time included three relatively unimportant primitive painters, and the photographer, Man Ray. The black and white illustrations, printed by offset, are excellent; the color plates are not too good.

The color illustrations in *The German Expressionists* by Bernard S. Myers (Praeger. 401 pp. $15) are much better, perhaps because the book was printed in Germany. Mr. Myers was also the author of the catalogue to the exhibition of the German Expressionists held recently at the Museum of Modern Art. The present volume contains a much more varied selection than the museum was able to assemble.

TWO other specialized histories are new this season. One by Werner Hoffman, *Caricature from Leonardo to Picasso* (Crown Publishing Co. 150 pp. $5.95), is rather a discussion of caricature in its relation to art than a history of caricature itself. Many among its ninety to one hundred illustrations — as those by Puvis de Chavannes and James Ensor — seem chosen more as names than for wit. One would also have preferred more examples and less explanation. On the other hand, *The Indian Art of Mexico and Central America,* by the late Miguel Covarrubias (Knopf. 360 pp. $17.50) is probably the most valuable book for the general public yet to appear on that subject. It is authoritative, complete and clear, with innumerable drawings by the author and an extensive album of photographs.

The World of Abstract Art, edited by the American Abstract Artists (George Wittenborn, Inc. 167 pp. $8.50) and the *Dictionary of Abstract Painting* by Michel Seuphor (Tudor Publishing Co. 305 pp. $6.95) deal with the same painters and in somewhat the same way. The *Dictionary* is the handsomer of the two and the more complete.

The most presentable of the books on particular painters is one on Klee, translated from the Italian of G. di San Lazzaro (Praeger. 304 pp. $5.75). It is beautifully made and profusely illustrated in black and white and in color, perfect for anyone interested in this painter's work. *Marc Chagall* by Walter Erben (Praeger. 158 pages of text and 64 of plates. $7.50), is an elaborate appreciation of the artist's work. The black and white reproductions are good, as usual, and the color plates, also as usual traduce the originals.

Among the books on artistic generalities are *The Functional Line in Painting* by Aaron Berkman (Thomas Yoseloff. 100 pp. $6.) and *Native Genius in Anonymous Architecture,* by Sybil Moholy-Nagy (Horizon Press. 223 pp. $7.50). The first consists of handsome black and white illustrations imbedded in a somewhat inept text, over-insistent on the truism of the importance of line in art. The second is a lively exposition, illustrated with photographs from many lands and cultures, of the influence of

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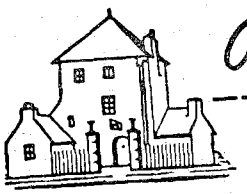
local conditions on native architecture.

There are also two books on aesthetics of a more serious nature. *The Collective Dream in Art* by Walter Abell (Harvard University Press. 378 pages of text; 39 of plates. $7.50) presents under the name of psycho-history a theory of art criticism based on the idea of art as an expression of the collective tensions of a civilization. The theme is interesting but it is couched in a loose, wordy, Ph.D. style. On the other hand, *Painting and Reality* by Etienne Gilson, a distinguished authority on Thomism (Pantheon Books. 367 pp. $7.50) is both a sensible and a readable approach to a philosophy of art, based not on a theory of history, but on pictures themselves and on what painters say about their art.

There are also four new books in which painters present their side. *Conversations with Artists*, by Selden Rodman (Devin Adair. 256 pp. $4); *The Yes and No of Contemporary Art*, by George Biddle (Harvard University Press. 188 pp. $5); *The Shape of Content*, by Ben Shahn (Harvard University Press. 131 pp. $4); and *Dali on Modern Art* (The Dial Press. 91 pages of English text followed by the French original. $5). Rodman's readable *Conversations* consists of a series of interviews with American artists ranging from Steinberg and Wyeth to Rothko and Klein, with descriptions of their personalities and their opinions. George Biddle's book presents the reflections on painting of a prominent and cultivated American painter. Ben Shahn's book, from his Charles Eliot Norton lectures delivered at Harvard and illustrated with some of the artist's drawings, is well organized and well written. It defends with clarity, wit and conviction a painter's view on painting—one with which very few painters would disagree. As for *Dali on Modern Art*, he is against it: "Painters, do not concern yourselves with being modern. It is the only thing, unfortunately, no matter what you do, that you cannot avoid being"; and "The least one can ask of a piece of sculpture is that it does not move."

THE best art magazine in the world today is *L'oeil*, a French monthly published in Switzerland. A Swiss publication, also a monthly, which carries a great deal of excellent art, is *Du*. Both can be subscribed to through the usual magazine agencies.

IF one thinks of giving drawings as Christmas presents, there is a considerable choice in the galleries. Jacques Seligmann is having a show of 15th to



A holiday check list of RANDOM HOUSE books

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Whitney Darrow, jr.'s sparkling, sophisticated book of cartoons from *The New Yorker*. $3.50

✓ **The Return of Lady Brace**
The new novel by Nancy Wilson Ross, author of *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer*. "I haven't enjoyed a new novel so much in a long time." —Charles Poore, *N. Y. Times*. $3.75

✓ **Rascals in Paradise**
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✓ **A Houseful of Love**
Marjorie Housepian's novel about an Armenian family is "A literary vitamin . . . full of love, affection . . . *and fun.*" —*Chicago Tribune*. $3.50

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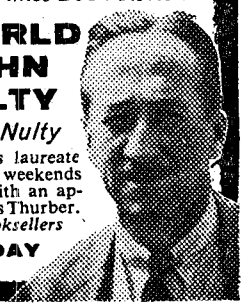

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Tender Anguish

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY. By James Agee. McDowell, Obolensky. 339 pp. $3.95.

David L. Stevenson

JAMES AGEE was a journalist, a motion picture critic, a writer of screen plays and television scripts. But he also had a special talent as a purely creative writer which he had exhibited, only sparingly, in an early volume of poetry, *Permit Me Voyage* (Yale, 1934), and in two later short stories, "The Morning Watch" *(Partisan Review*, 1951), and "A Mother's Tale" *(Harper's Bazaar*, 1952). The posthumously published *A Death in the Family* is Agee's final item of his career in letters, a novel on which he had been at work for eight years. It does not give him any new importance as an American writer, but it does bring to a delicate and satisfying flowering his very great ability to create the qualities and the nuances of private feeling.

A Death in the Family is not a major book, but a haunting one. It presents human anguish in language of surface accuracy and of great evocative power. Phrase after phrase sets all the tentacles of the reader's private sea of the subconscious alert and waving. It is also a curiously intractable book because it constantly raises the question of what a novel exists to do. Like his earlier "The Morning Watch," it is an episode of personal grief, well remembered and told as if it were a novel.

The book opens with a generalized prelude: the Follet family on any warm summer night in Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1915, sitting in family contentment on the back lawn after a six o'clock supper, with the remaining daylight "shining softly and with a tarnish, like the lining of a shell." Then a specific night in the Follet family is presented. The father and his six-year-old son, Rufus, go to a Chaplin movie. Rufus goes to bed, aware of his father's comfortable presence against the darkness. Just before dawn the father is called by telephone to his own father's bedside. Before he drives off, his wife fixes him a warm breakfast, with endless gestures of tenderness and anxiety. Rufus never sees him again; he is killed in an accident. The rest of the book relates the state of shock of the mother, the varied reactions of her relatives and those of Rufus. *A Death in the Family* comes to an end with Rufus listening to his uncle, after the funeral, exploding in anger at grief and death.

These events have an intense emotional effect on the reader because of Agee's skill in presenting them with an almost intolerable immediacy. Rufus, standing at the curb, watches a horse "draw a buggy crisply but sedately past," and notes that "in the washed black spokes, sunlight twittered."

And Agee can hold the reader's emotions in much tighter rein. The accuracy of his description of Rufus' first view of his father's coffin forces the reader to hold on desperately to his own composure:

> It was very long and dark; smooth like a boat; with bright handles. Half the top was open. There was a strange sweet smell, so faint that it could scarcely be realized.
>
> Rufus had never known such stillness. Their little sounds as they approached his father, vanished upon it like the infinitesimal whisperings of snow, falling on open water.
>
> There was his head, his arms; suit; there he was.

But it is the very intensity of feeling, beautifully poised in words, which puts severe limitations on *A Death in the Family*. Serious prose fiction characteristically demonstrates the possibilities and the results of its given events, and of its given characters' acts and decisions. Agee was unwilling or unable to endow either the events or the characters of his novel with this fictional vitality and coherence. He exploits only the emotional content of his material, not its meaning. *A Death in the Family*, therefore, has little of fiction's cus-

DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University. He is the author of The Love-Game Comedy.

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tomary impact on our view of things. It lacks narrative thrust and intellectual excitement.

There are moments of grief and loss in everyone's life which one cannot live with, but can only recover from. And they are, oddly, the moments when one recognizes one's feelings to have been most alive. The success of *A Death in the Family* is that it brings to the surface of the reader's consciousness these forgotten, rejected moments—his own tender, unusable anguish.

Recent Books by NATION Writers

THE following books, by recent *Nation* contributors, were published in 1957. It is obvious that these books will have a special interest for *Nation* readers and their friends.

IRVING ADLER. *What We Want of Our Schools.* John Day. $3.75.

PAUL BOWLES. *Yallah.* McDowell, Obolensky. $10.

KAY BOYLE. *Thirty Stories.* New Directions. $1.45.

J. BRONOWSKI. *Science and Human Values.* Julian Messner. $3.

CARL DREHER. *Automation.* Norton. $2.95.

WILMA DYKEMAN and JAMES STOKELEY. *Neither Black Nor White.* Rinehart. $5.

RICHARD EBERHART. *Great Praises.* Oxford University Press. $4.

HARVEY GOLDBERG, ed. *American Radicals.* Monthly Review Press. $5.

WALTER GOODMAN. *The Clowns of Commerce.* Sagamore. $4.95.

RICHARD HOGGART. *The Uses of Literacy.* Essential Books. $5.

MARK DEWOLFE HOWE. *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.* The Shaping Years: 1841-1870. Harvard University Press. $5.

JAMES AVERY JOYCE. *Revolution on the East River:* The UN. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

ALFRED MAUND. *The Big Boxcar.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

ASHLEY MONTAGU. *Man: His First Million Years.* World. $3.75.

JAMES MORRIS. *Islam Inflamed.* Pantheon. $5. *Sultan in Oman.* Pantheon. $3.50.

HOWARD NEMEROV. *The Homecoming Game.* Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

ARNOLD ROGOW. *The Labor Government and British Industry.* Cornell University Press. $3.

MURIEL RUKEYSER. *One Life.* Simon & Schuster. $5.

MAY SARTON. *The Birth of a Grandfather.* Rinehart. $3.75. *In Time Like Air.* Poems. Rinehart. $2.75.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN. *Russia Since 1917.* Knopf. $6.50.

HARLOW SHAPLEY. *Inner Metagalaxy.* Yale University Press. $6.75.

DERRICK SINGTON. (With Giles Playfair). *The Offenders.* Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

HARVEY SWADOS. *On the Line.* Little, Brown. $3.75.

DAVID THOMSON. *Europe Since Napoleon.* Knopf. $8.95.

RECORDS of the YEAR

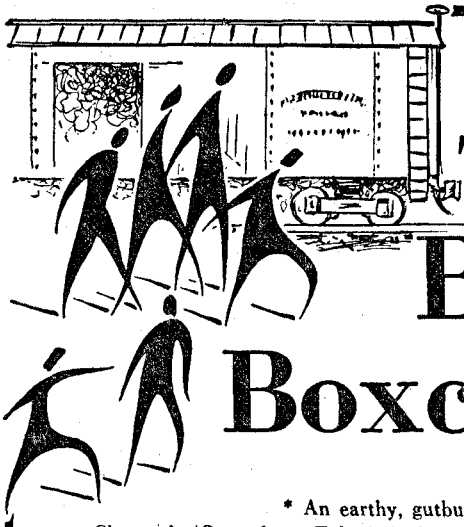
Lester Trimble

THE FOLLOWING records are those which have been of special interest among the year's new issues. In the case of works from the standard repertory, my criteria have been authenticity of performance and superiority of recording techniques. With contemporary works, the quality of the music itself has been considered, in addition to performance and recording.

BACH: Concerti for Violin and Orchestra Nos. 1 in A minor and 2 in E; Arthur Grumiaux and the Guller Chamber Orchestra. Epic. English Suites; Ralph Kirpatrick, harsichordist. Archive (3 disks). Partitas and Sonatas for unaccompanied violin, complete; Nathan Milstein. Capitol (3 discs). Suites Nos. 3 and 4 in D Major, for orchestra; Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Epic.

BARTOK: Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion; Wilfrid Parry and Iris Loveridge, pianists (with *Contrasts* for Piano, Violin and Clarinet; Parry, Grinke, Brymer). Westminster.

BEETHOVEN: Concerti for Piano and Orchestra, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Artur Rubinstein and Symphony of the Air under Josef Krips. RCA (available individually). Sonatas for Piano No. 14 *(Moonlight)*, No. 8 *(Pathétique)*, No. 23 *(Appassionata);* Rudolf Serkin. Columbia. Sonatas for Piano Nos. 14 and 21 *(Waldstein);* Vladimir Horowitz. RCA. Sonatas for Violin and Pi-



The Big Boxcar

a novel by ALFRED MAUND

who, as a staff member, covered the Montgomery boycott for *The Nation*

* An earthy, gutbucket performance which was inspired by Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.' And yet, despite the parallel — six men and a woman are brought together in a boxcar traveling North—there is no hint here of contrivance . . . by all odds the best first novel I have read this year—*David Dempsey, Saturday Review* * This is an exceptional little book . . . Mr. Maund, though treating of such things as murder, rape and arson, writes in an easy, unvarying dialect that is often funny and that tends to reduce the most sombre episodes to straight, unemotional fact—*The New Yorker* * It may remind us of the early period of Richard Wright—*Maxwell Geismar* * Streaked with brutal beauty (it) has a coarse and colorful intensity about its portrayal of certain segments of Negro life and Negro-white relationships in the South—*Langston Hughes* * 'The Big Boxcar' introduces a writer who is sharp-eyed, courageous and gifted—*Charles Lee, New York Times* *

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ano Op. 30 No. 2, and Op. 96; Arthur Grumiaux and Clara Haskil. Epic.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1; Markevitch and Symphony of the Air. Decca. *Klavierstücke* (6) Op. 118; *Capriccio* Op. 76 No. 2; *Intermezzi* Op. 116 No. 6, Op. 117 No. 1, Op. 119 Nos. 2 and 3; *Rhapsody*, Op. 79 No. 1; Wilhelm Backhaus. London.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4 *(Romantic);* William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol.

BUXTEHUDE: Chorale Preludes, Canzona in C, Prelude and Fugue in A minor (with Georg Böhm: Chorale Preludes and Chorale Partita) Luther Noss playing Yale's Holtkamp Organ. Overtone.

COWELL: *Persian Set* (with Lou Harrison: Suite for Violin, Piano and Small Orchestra); Maro and Anahid Ajemian, soloists; Leopold Stokowski and orchestra. Composers Recordings.

DEBUSSY: La Mer (with Ravel: *Daphnis et Chloe* Suite No. 2) Erich Leinsdorf and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Capitol.

DVORAK: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra (with Fauré: *Elégié,* Op. 24) Janos Starker, cello, Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel. String Quartets No. 3, Op. 51, and No. 6 *(American)* Op. 96; Budapest String Quartet. Columbia.

ELGAR: *Enigma Variations* (with Vaughan Williams: *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis);* William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol.

FRESCOBALDI: Keyboard Works; Paul Wolfe, harpsichordist. Expériences Anonymes.

GLANVILLE-HICKS: *Concerto Romantico* for Viola and Orchestra (with Ben Weber: *Rhapsody Concertante* for Viola and Orchestra and Marga Richter: *Aria and Toccata* for Viola and Strings); Walter Trampler, viola, MGM Orchestra. MGM.

HAYDN: *The Creation;* Seefried, Holm, Borg, St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir, Markevitch and Berlin Philharmonic. Decca (2 discs).

HINDEMITH: Sonatas for Piano Nos. 1 and 3; Paul Badura-Skoda. Westminster.

HOVHANESS: *Anahid,* Op. 57, *Alleluia and Fugue.* Op. 40b, *Tower Music,* Op. 129; Carlos Surinach and MGM Orchestra. MGM.

LEONINUS and PEROTINUS MAGISTER: *Notre Dame Organa;* Russell Oberlin, counter-tenor, Charles Bressler and Donald Perry, tenors, Seymour Barab, viol. Expériences Anonymes.

LUENING-USSACHEVSKY: *Poem in Cycles and Bells, Piece for Tape Recorder, King Lear Suite;* tape recorder, members of Royal Danish Radio Orchestra under Otto Luening (with Bergsma: *The Fortunate Islands;* Alfredo Antonini and Orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia-Roma). Composers Recordings. Another recording of experimental music, the *Panorama of "Musique Concrete."* London.

MILHAUD: *La Création du Monde* (with Copland: *El Salon México,* Bernstein: *Fancy Free);* Bernstein and Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia.

MOZART: Concerti for Piano, K. 467, K. 595, K. 453, K. 503; Rudolf Serkin and Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted, alternately, by Alexander Schneider and George Szell. Columbia (2 discs). *Die Entführing aus dem Serail;* Marshall, Hollweg, Simoneau, Unger, Frick; Beecham and Royal Philharmonic. Angel (2 discs). Quartets for Flute and Strings K. 285, 285a, 285b, 298; Birkelund, Karecki, Andersen, Petersen. Vanguard. Quintets for String Quartet and Viola (complete); Budapest String Quartet and Walter Trampler, violist. Columbia (3 discs). Serenade in D, K. 320 *(Posthorn)* (with Symphony in A, K. 201) Eduard Van Beinum, Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Epic.

MUSSORGSKY: *Pictures at an Exhibition;* Herbert von Karajan and Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel.

PISTON: Symphony No. 6 (with Martinu: *Fantaisies Symphoniques);* Charles Munch and Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA.

PROKOFIEFF: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 7; Nicolai Malko and Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA.

ROUSSELL: Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4; Ernest Ansermet and Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 8 *(Unfinished)* (with Brahms: *Variations on a theme of Haydn);* Herbert von Karajan and Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel.

SCHUMAN: *Credendum;* Eugene Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra (with Kirchner: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra; Dimitri Mitropoulos and New York Philharmonic). Columbia.

SCHUMANN: *Dichterliebe,* Op. 48 (with Brahms Songs); Fischer-Dieskau. Decca.

STRAVINSKY: *The Rite of Spring;* Pierre Monteux and Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. RCA. *Oedipus Rex;* Stravinsky and Cologne Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus—narration by Jean Cocteau. Columbia. *Perséphone;* Vera Zorina, Richard Robinson, Westmin-

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ster Choir; Stravinsky and New York Philharmonic. Columbia.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6 *(Pathétique);* Ernest Ansermet and Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London.

VILLA-LOBOS: *Choros* No. 7; Izler Solomon and MGM Chamber Orchestra (with *Choros* No. 5; *Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras, Suite Floral, Poema Singelo;* Lenore Engdahl, pianist, and *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 9; Carlos Surinach, MGM String Orchestra). MGM.

WEBERN: Complete Works; Robert Craft, director. Columbia (4 discs).

WEILL: *The Seven Deadly Sins;* Lotte Lenya; Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg, conductor. Columbia.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I HAVE very little to offer by way of *critique* in regard to *The Country Wife* (Adelphi). This surprises me as much as it may the reader, since the play is something of a classic. I have read it, and also such perceptive comments on it as are contained in Kronenberger's *The Thread of Laughter.* I have never before seen it, however, and that may account for my dilemma in arriving at a total judgment of the present production. Here then instead of such an estimate are some of my reactions.

I am glad to have seen it, for I am always pleased to see plays from the world's dramatic repertory, and wish that we had more opportunity to do so. *The Country Wife,* moreover, is probably the lewdest play in the language, and that in itself is provocative.

Two performances are notable: Julie Harris, who is adorably pert—any play in which she appears is worth a visit; and Pamela Brown, whose voice, delivery, carriage, mask and make-up have an uncanny fascination—as if, with no relation to the course of time, she had been born a full-fledged eighteenth century English lady in our day.

No one in the cast is less than adequate, though there is some forcing; the physical aspect of the show, with sets made of what looks like wire and glass, is handsome. Why then does the production fail of a fuller impact? It has been claimed that the Adelphi Theatre is too large for what ought to be an intimate performance, and that may be so. There is another possibility. The play is a commentary on its period—a satire. Except for obvious externals, and apart from Miss Brown, I felt very little of the period in the production. The dramatists of the Restoration wrote artificial plays, but these were stylizations of a very gross reality. This production of *The Country Wife* struck me as a stylization of a stylization. The London it portrays has no smell, taste or feel to it. All semblance of the play's social reality seems to have been strained from it. What remains is too much like museum stuff.

THE PRODUCTION of *Look Homeward, Angel,* the play by Ketti Frings based on Thomas Wolfe's novel, will strike most spectators as being full of life. It is an excellent production, meticulously articulated in every department and with a practically perfect cast. The direction by George Roy Hill is instinct with theatrical science. There is little doubt in my mind that the show will deservedly become a leading contender for all the prizes.

Yet it did not deeply affect me. Its virtue is the kind of realism which distinguished the American novel in the twenties. It was the realism—extremely valuable in the creation of a contemporary American consciousness—which contrasted sharply with the image of our country as a perpetually smiling community that most of our literature fostered from the Civil War to the early years of the twentieth century.

To this new realism, with its emphasis on the drab and something like pride in a stark avoidance of lyric palliation or metaphysical justification, Thomas Wolfe brought a powerful eloquence containing strains of Whitman supported by the discovery of a richness in language which an extensive reading in the classics of English literature would give a sensitive, enormously energetic young man. The rhetoric sometimes swamped Wolfe's plots—mostly autobiographical recordings rather than inventions—but also gave his novels a gigantic awkwardness which often managed to be inspiring. It is true, as someone has said, that Wolfe was either a giant baby or a baby giant, but his work was significant as an outcry at the anguish and bewilderment of a people newly come to civilized reflection but not yet arrived at ripe understanding.

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Wolfe's novel before us in an honestly sober and, except for two brief moments, unexceptionably respectable manner. We are left with the foreground of the novel —all of it interesting, truthful, typical —but with little dimension beyond the notation of the facts on a fever chart. *Look Homeward, Angel* as a play harks back to the realism of the twenties which lacked poetic extension or transfiguration. The shock of recognition is present —and no doubt still valuable—but not the shock of surprise (or illumination) within what one recognizes. We are reminded of what we are acquainted with in life; but we are not transported to any area of feeling or knowledge beyond what our observation—alerted by previous experience with this type of realism—has already provided us. No idea or poetic essence emerges.

It may seem churlish of me to insist on this point, since *Look Homeward, Angel,* is clearly superior to most of what we are usually offered in our theatre. Certainly I must urge readers of *The Nation* to see the play, but I must just as surely try to place it not only in the context of Broadway but in the greater one of serious drama and theatre.

The production parallels the text in its qualities and in its limitations. Anthony Perkins gives a shrewd portrayal of Gene Gant: his technique, in comedy especially, is already well-developed and he uses his very sympathetic personality to make good points with fine economy, but he has not yet learned how to make the ability to communicate human traits the means of reaching our souls in vital contact. Jo Van Fleet as Mrs. Gant seems to me to be an admirable representative of American realism in acting; her points are even more incisively and comprehensively made than Perkins'. And Hugh Griffith as the father brings with the Welsh tang of his background a vividness and a largeness which occur only when an actor by long experience of life and the stage has matured to full manhood. The scene in which Mrs. Gant, exasperated by the failure of her life, is provoked to tear down her home and is jubilantly joined by her husband seems to me the most sparkling moment of the evening—just as the moment in which the doctor casually lights his cigar after Ben Gant's death seemed to me the most telling directorial touch.

More should be praised—Arthur Hill, Rosemary Murphy, Elizabeth Lawrence —but space does not permit it, except to add that if a European asked me to point out what the American theatre has achieved in completing one phase of its realistic style I would recommend *Look Homeward, Angel.*

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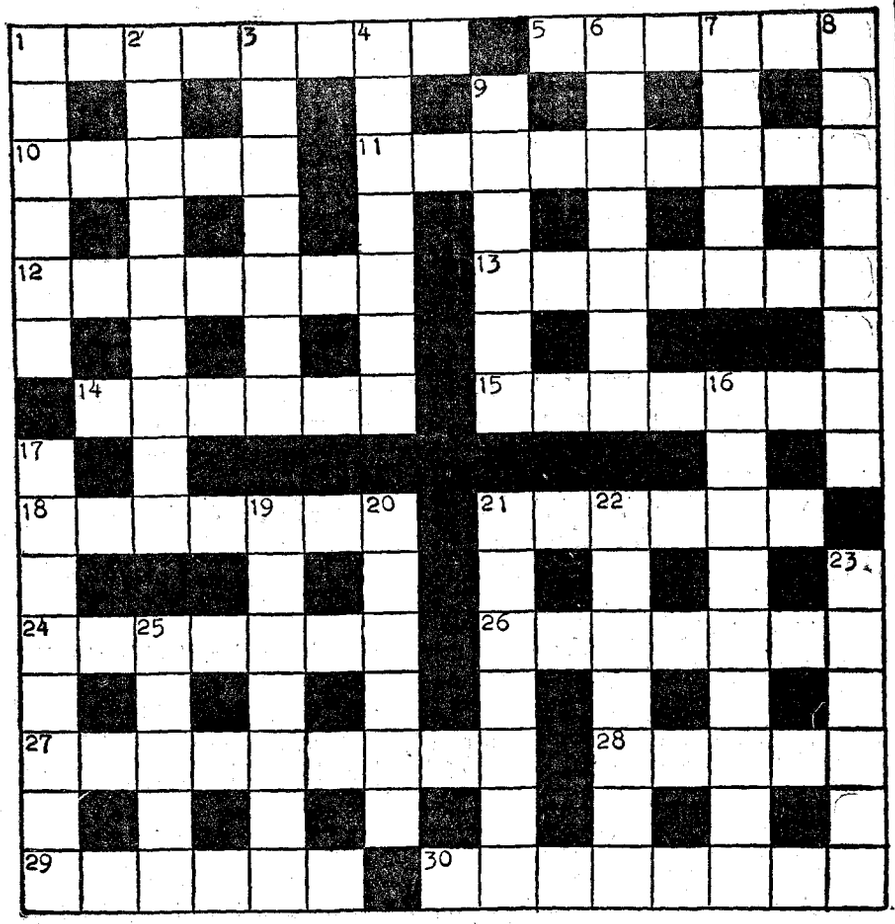
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Should one score zero with this gun? (8)
5 Are they eaten by a boy on board? (6)
10 Fry the source when this gets observed. (5)
11 Not a particularly valuable circle of musicians. (5, 4)
12 See 26 across
13 A hot tip? Invest some money in sugar! (7)
14 Certainly not a good time. (3-3)
15 Incomplete with an inclination. (7)
18 It's not healthy here in France, sort of square yet sort of crooked. (7)
21 Call to activity. (6)
24 What is sometimes dropped between a hairy surface and crushed headgear could be cleaner. (7)
26 and 12 Dragonflies might help to cover up for the members! (7, 7)
27 Choler. (3-6)
28 You should find in him a good example of an insect at last. (5)
29 Frank could be the son of this. (6)
30 Relief, for a time at least. (8)

DOWN:

1 Safe places to own at the poles. (6)
2 The bad wolf, under different conditions, could be quite amazing. (9)
3 Struggled to be somewhat less than dustless. (7)
4 Is this made by a mess in the office of the State Department? (7)
6 Does he test things like the speaker? (7)
7 Evidently Khan gets in once more. (5)
8 The way the rash might sometimes act. (8)
9 What might be applied to youth is not necessarily a dunce's hat! (6)
16 One might find it nice art, in a way, but rather involved. (9)
17 Evidently one end in seafood looks like the devil. (8)
19 Not necessarily clipper ships. (7)
20 While these shouldn't work, as their calls are not scheduled. (6)
21 Witch place goes exactly between two points to sanction it? (7)
22 Mary, the infamous dishwasher, or James V. Forrestal, for example. (7)
23 Not to take notice of the sign or express command. (6)
25 Might mark the course of flight. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 749

ACROSS: 1 SINGULARITIES; 10 CLEAVER; 11 VITIATE; 12 POLAR BEAR; 13 ACUTE; 14 EMPLOY; 16 CARYATID; 19 STINGERS; 20 CLERIC; 22 PLAIN; 23 ACERBATED; 25 STIRRUP; 26 RACCOON; 27 INCLINED PLANE. DOWN: 2 IDEAL; 3 GOVERNOR GENERAL; 4 LARDER; 5 REVERSAL; 6 TETRASYLLABICAL; 7 EVALUATOR; 8 SCUPPERS; 9 WERE; 15 PRIVATION; 17 DECADENT; 18 BREAD PAN; 21 SEARED; 22 PISA; 24 THORN.

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